

The Yolo Democrat

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY MORNING, BY
WM. SAUNDERS,
Editor and Proprietor.

M. W. THOMAS, Agent.
Office—Freeman's Block, cor. 1st and Main Sts.

TERMS:
One copy, one year, in advance, \$4.00
Six months, in advance, \$2.00
Three months, in advance, \$1.00

RATES OF ADVERTISING:
One square (9 lines or less), first insertion, \$1.50
Each subsequent insertion, .100
A liberal discount made from above rates in quarterly or yearly advertisements.

Legal advertising at rates established by law.
\$1.00 notices in the local department, ten cents a line for each day and five cents a line for each subsequent insertion.

All transient advertisements must be paid for in advance.

WATCHES, CLOCKS,
JEWELRY,
AND FANCY GOODS.

SCHOOL BOOKS, MISCELLANEOUS BOOKS,
Stationery and Musical Instru-

ments, Etc.

THE ESTABLISHMENT OF
G. W. GREENE,
MAIN STREET,

COLLEGE BLOCK, WOODLAND,
is the place to find an assortment in the above

lines. An inspection of my stock is respectfully

requested.

Besides a large stock of Watches, Clocks,
Gold, Silver and Plated Ware, Musical Instru-

ments, Toys, Dolls and Fancy Goods, I

have all the Patent School, College and Text

Books required; also Religious and Miscellaneous

Books, Stationery, Musical Instruments, Etc.

Watches, Clocks and Jewelry repaired in a

workmanlike manner and on short notice.

Call on me at 2 o'clock, 25 cents, 50

derable saving by taking

the guidance of patients

afflicted with each.

Dr. J. M. Kelly, New York.

MORIN,
Opposite the Bank of

Woodland,
to do all kinds of

CAS-FITTING,
AND

ROOFING,
and Sheet-Iron

and Sheet-Iron

and Sheet-Iron

and Sheet-Iron

and Sheet-Iron

and Sheet-Iron

and Sheet-Iron

and Sheet-Iron

and Sheet-Iron

and Sheet-Iron

and Sheet-Iron

and Sheet-Iron

and Sheet-Iron

and Sheet-Iron

and Sheet-Iron

and Sheet-Iron

and Sheet-Iron

and Sheet-Iron

and Sheet-Iron

and Sheet-Iron

and Sheet-Iron

and Sheet-Iron

and Sheet-Iron

and Sheet-Iron

and Sheet-Iron

and Sheet-Iron

and Sheet-Iron

and Sheet-Iron

and Sheet-Iron

and Sheet-Iron

and Sheet-Iron

and Sheet-Iron

and Sheet-Iron

and Sheet-Iron

and Sheet-Iron

and Sheet-Iron

and Sheet-Iron

and Sheet-Iron

and Sheet-Iron

and Sheet-Iron

and Sheet-Iron

and Sheet-Iron

and Sheet-Iron

and Sheet-Iron

and Sheet-Iron

and Sheet-Iron

and Sheet-Iron

and Sheet-Iron

and Sheet-Iron

and Sheet-Iron

and Sheet-Iron

and Sheet-Iron

and Sheet-Iron

and Sheet-Iron

W. C. NELSON, J. R. HOLMES,
HOLMES & NELSON,
Office in Bank Building. All work warranted
first-class. Terms reasonable.
June 5th, 1877.

C. P. SPRAGUE,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR-AT-LAW,
Practises in all the Courts of the State.
Office, over Bank of Woodland, Jeldw

F. E. BAKER,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR-AT-LAW,
Practises in District and Supreme Courts,
Office Court House, Woodland, Jeldw

W. B. TREADWELL,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Woodland, Cal. Office at the Court House,
Jeldw

E. R. BURN,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR-AT-LAW,
Searcher of Records and Conveyancer,
Office in Court House, Woodland, Cal. Jeldw

DR. W. T. LUCAS,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
Office, over Thomas & Bidwell's Store, Main
Street, Woodland, Jeldw

DR. GEORGE M. JACKSON,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
Office, over Bank of Woodland; Residence,
Second St., between Lincoln and Oak
Avenues, Jeldw

DR. E. L. PARRAVORE,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
Office, opposite Postoffice, Woodland, Cal.
Orders may be left at Elston & Wile's
Drug Store, Jeldw

A. C. KEAN,
TREASURER AND TAX COLLECTOR
of Yolo County, Office at the Court House,
Woodland, Cal. Jeldw

R. H. BEAMER,
COUNTY ASSESSOR OF YOLO COUNTY,
Office in Court House, Jeldw

J. G. HEDSON,
FASHIONABLE BOOT & SHOE MAKER,
With S. T. Ponder & Co., Woodland, Cal.
Work made to measure and warranted.
Repairing done on short notice. Jeldw

PACIFIC SALOON,
CHRIS. SIEBER, PROPRIETOR.
The Best Wines, Liquors and Cigars, deposited
the College, Main St., Woodland, Jeldw

CREED HAYMOND, PACHE L. H. COGGINS,
HAYMOND & COGGINS,
ATTORNEYS AND COUNSELLORS AT LAW,
Office, over C. M. & Co's, No. 31
Main Street, Sacramento, Jeldw

DR. HOWARD FORD,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
Office, over C. M. & Co's, No. 31
Main Street, Sacramento, Jeldw

DR. H. B. PIERSON,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
Office, over C. M. & Co's, No. 31
Main Street, Sacramento, Jeldw

JOHN A. BROWN,
COUNTY SURVEYOR OF YOLO COUNTY,
Office, over C. M. & Co's, No. 31
Main Street, Sacramento, Jeldw

ER. HENRY M. REE,
PHYSICIAN, STRONG AND MOCHTER
OFFICE, 111 N. Main St., Woodland, Jeldw

THEON ROSS, M.D.C.M.,
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON,
Office at Foster's Drug Store, Residence,
College Street, just above south of Main
St., Jeldw

J. C. BALL,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
AND COMMISSIONER IN BANKRUPTCY,
Office—Adjoining Bank Exchange, Main
Street, Woodland, Cal. Jeldw

W. R. HINKSON,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Fifth Street, bet. 1st and 2nd, Sacramento, Jeldw

DR. A. B. MERRITT,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
WOODLAND, CAL.
Orders left at Foster's Drug Store will be
promptly attended to. Jeldw

TO THE LADIES
—OF—
Woodland and Yolo County!

MRS. OGBURN,
MILLINER AND DRESSMAKER,
Having just returned from the Bay
with a full assortment of
Fall and Winter Goods,
of the latest styles,
and being pleased to have the ladies call
in the future as well as in the past, she would
also return thanks for the liberal patronage
heretofore bestowed, and would respectfully
request a continuance of the same.
N.B.—Particular attention given to
DRESSMAKING!
Ladies taking to Cut and Fit by Chart.
Agency of the

New Weed Sewing Machine!
Once the most reliable in use.
Also, Agency for SCOURING & DYEING.
Jeldw

Adams' Springs,
LAKE CO., CAL.,
E. R. MOSES - Proprietor.

These Springs are particularly beneficial
in purifying the blood, and unobscured by any
in the State for the cure of rheumatism, stiff
joints, neuralgia, weak lungs, dyspepsia, con-
stipation, catarrh, liver complaint, and all
kinds of diseases arising from impurity of
the blood.

Good Hunting and Fishing!
The Adams Springs are located in the Pine
Mountains of Lake County, Cal., about 8 miles
south of Clear Lake, 25 miles from the nearest
Springs, 25 miles from Basset's place, in
Cobb Valley, only 5 miles by a good trail
from the Harton Hot Sulphur Springs, and 25
miles from Calistoga. Daily connections with
Calistoga and Lakeport stages at Basset's.

Board & Room per Week, \$10 and \$12.
Jeldw

RICHARD SCHNEIDER,
TEACHER OF PIANO,
ORGAN,
Guitar and Vocal Music.
Agent for Stenway & Sons, Decker Bros.
and Emerson Pianos, Mason & Hamilton's
and X. Spang's Organs.

A Selected Stock of Sheet Music,
Instruction Books, Music Folios, Best Strings,
Guitars, etc., always on hand at San
Francisco prices.

MASONIC BLOCK, WOODLAND, CAL.
Jeldw

GAFFORD HOUSE,
DAVISVILLE,
J. W. GAFFORD, - Proprietor.

Board by the Day or Week at reason-
able rates. Meals at all hours. Jeldw

BENEFITS OF ROTATION OF CROPS.

As an example of the benefits of crop rotation, the *Sonoma Democrat* gives the actual experience of a practical farmer of Sonoma county; and what is good in this respect there is equally applicable in Yolo county. We recommend to our farmers the experience of J. H. Griggs, on a field of thirty or forty acres in Sonoma Valley: This field had been sown in wheat since Mr. Griggs came to the country, about twenty years ago. For many years the yield was from 20 to 30 bushels to the acre; but for several years past the wheat did not grow above 24 or three feet high, and the yield was about 20 bushels an acre. Last year it was planted in corn and it yielded a very fine crop. The cultivation of a corn crop put it in good condition for the wheat, and when Mr. Griggs began to plant it, he found that, with the same team, he could break the soil deeper than he could before. He prepared the land in the usual manner, with this exception, and without applying any fertilizer, he sowed his wheat. The field now, instead of bringing out wheat 24 feet high, and making 20 bushels to the acre, is now yielding 30 bushels to the acre. This is the result simply of one year's rotation. What Mr. G. has done on this field may be done by other farmers on all their fields. That a judicious system of fertilizing will increase the yield of our valleys even beyond that, admits no question; but even without fertilizing, the benefits of rotation are sufficiently great to induce our farmers to try it.

SPREAD OF AMERICAN TRADE.

In the Editorial correspondence of the *Bee*, Thursday, the fact was stated that American manufactured goods have wholly taken the place of cotton goods of England in the English colonies of North America. Another interesting fact going to show the extent to which American manufactures are crowding those of England out of the markets of the world is given by the *London Free Press*, a journal devoted to the hardware trade. That paper says: "United States hardware not only competes vigorously with those of Birmingham in the markets of Australia, but merchants at Birmingham itself are compelled by the demands of their antipodean customers to send out American goods. One Birmingham house, engaged in the Australian trade, now buys £200,000 worth of United States wares yearly, whereas formerly all their orders were executed in this country. And the *London Times* bears witness to the fact that 'in addition to locks and hardware of various kinds, the Americans are now sending into the English market large quantities of machine made boots and shoes, which find a ready sale, owing to their cheapness and neatness of appearance.' John Rouch, the ship builder, has demonstrated that American ship yards can turn out iron ships cheaper in price and better in quality than can be turned out by the English yards. Cotton goods, hardware, iron ships, bread! What next will the youngster be supplying to the mother country? asks the *Bee*.

BRIGHT PROSPECTS.

An editorial in the *New York Herald* of June 30th holds up this state of things in politics: "The Iowa Republican Convention refused to approve the President's policy. The Cameron politicians in Pennsylvania threaten to hand the State over to the Democrats this Fall. The principal New Jersey Radical politicians have united in offering a compliment to ex-Secretary Robeson, who is known to oppose the President's policy; and among the prominent names who join this demonstration, said to have for its purpose making Robeson candidate for Governor, we miss only those of ex-Senator Frelinghuysen, Wm. Walter Phillips and Kinney. All reports state there is great bitterness against the President among the leading Radicals in New York, and the tone of their press shows this to be true. Even in Ohio there are rumors of a great deal of opposition and lukewarmness. We think it not improbable that New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania and possibly even Ohio will cast Democratic majorities this Fall. Such a result will say nothing against the President's policy, except as the Radical malcontents may help to bring it about."

SOME OF THE AFFECTED.

The President's order prohibiting connection by office-holders with political committees requires the resignation of Assistant Secretary McCormick, who is Secretary of the Republican National Committee; A. B. Cornell, a Naval officer at New York, who is Chairman of the New York State Committee; "Boss" Keyes, Chairman of the Wisconsin Republican Committee, who is a postmaster at Madison; Gen. Wyckoff, who is Chairman of the Ohio Republican Committee and Pension Agent at Columbus. It will also affect the Chairman of the Tennessee Democratic Committee, who is postmaster at Memphis.

MEXICO AND GERMANY.

A great part of the foreign trade of Mexico is done with Germany, and her relations with that country are consequently more intimate than with any other nation, not even excepting the United States. In Mexico the Germans seem to have obtained a footing similar to that of the Dutch in Japan, though perhaps not quite so exclusive. Germany has recognized the Government of Diaz, and the Emperor William not long since wrote the Mexican President the following friendly letter:

I have with satisfaction learned, by your kind letter of February 20th of this year, that having been called to discharge *pro tem*, the Supreme Magistracy of the Republic of Mexico, you had re-entered upon the discharge of the Executive power, after having happily established public tranquillity. On returning you my thanks for said communication, I receive with satisfaction the assurance that you will endeavor to cultivate and strengthen more and more the friendly relations that exist between the United States of Mexico and the German Empire. I beg you to be assured that to accomplish said end my Government will co-operate on all occasions; and entering the most sincere desire for the prosperity of the Republic of Mexico, as well as for your own personal health, I avail myself of this occasion to express the assurance of my private esteem.

NORTHERN REPUBLICANISM.

A Republican correspondent writing from South Carolina to the *Cincinnati Commercial* explicitly says: "The career of the Republican party here has been a life of civilization. Its rule has been imbued with robbery. Officers and public trusts were bought and sold without shame. The Legislature was a little less than a den of thieves. To get anything through it had to be bought through." That says the *San Francisco Mail*, is the kind of government the Republicans gave South Carolina and nearly all the Southern States, and they have the coolness to bitterly denounce the tax-payers and property-owners because they do not sign peace to the Republican party. To rid themselves of thieves and plunderers the South went solid against them, and that is the reason for the "Solid South" we have heard so

The Origin of Prairies.

In a paper in the *American Naturalist*, Prof. J. D. Whitney, after showing the insufficiency of the ordinary theories to explain why the prairies are not croached upon by the bordering woods, offers the following explanation of his own:

"Let us turn at present to the geological side of the investigation. The whole of New England and New York, and a large part of Ohio and Indiana, together with the whole of Michigan and of Northern Wisconsin, constitute a region over which the northern drift phenomena have been displayed on a grand scale. Consequently almost the whole of this area is covered with heavy deposits of coarse gravel and coarse boulder materials. These deposits, if not at the surface, are near it, and the finer materials deposited on them, by alluvial and other agencies, generally form only a thin covering for the coarse deposits beneath. But as we go south and west from the region indicated above, we find the underlying rock—the 'bed-rock,' as the California miners would call it—deeply covered with loose materials, it is true, but we observe that these are quite different in character from what they are to the north and east. We come to a region where the drift agencies have been very limited in their action. The bulk of the superficial detritus has been formed from the decomposition of the underlying rock, and this detritus has been but little disturbed or moved from its original position. If erratic deposits exist, they are usually deeply covered with finer materials derived from close at hand. A great area exists in Wisconsin and Minnesota over which not a single dirt pebble has ever been found, either at the surface or at any depth beneath it. The strata have become chemically disaggregated and dissolved by the percolation of the rain through them, the calcareous matter has been carried off in solution, and there is left behind as a residuum the insoluble matter which the rock originally contained, and which, consisting largely of silica and silicate of alumina, forms by its aggregation a silicious and clayey deposit of almost impalpable fineness. It is this fine material which makes the bulk of the prairie soil; and, as the writer conceives, it is this fineness which is especially inimical to the growth of trees. Exactly as we see the desiccated lakes in the midst of the forests gradually filling up with finely comminuted materials and becoming covered with a growth of grasses or sedges, which is not afterward encroached on by trees, no matter whether the ground becomes completely dry or whether it remains more or less swampy, so we have the prairies, which have certainly never at any time been overspread with forests, and which would always remain as they are, provided the climate underwent no radical change and they were not interfered with by man. It is for the vegetable physiologist to say why this fineness of soil is unfavorable to the growth of trees; it is for the geologist and physical geographer to set forth the facts which they may observe within the line of their own professional work."

ONE DANGER OF BLUE GLASS.—It seems that the excitement about the curative properties of blue glass, which filled up so much space in the newspapers a little while ago, has been productive in certain instances of more harm than such periodical epidemics, if we may call them so, usually are.

That blue glass has any curative properties remains to be proved; but that glass of that color will concentrate the rays of the sun, in a lesser degree, as the common burning glass does, was known before General Pleasanton's book was printed and made so much of in the newspapers. A gentleman of Brooklyn suffering from weakness of sight was led by the advice of well meaning friends to use spectacles of blue glass, such as certain opticians are selling just now. The result was that his eyes, already too weak to be used much in ordinary circumstances, were exposed to a terrible glare and heat which in less than a week entirely destroyed the eyesight of the sufferer. He is now totally blind. This is a fact, and the gentleman would doubtless be glad to have other sufferers from weak eyes know of this case and draw a moral therefrom. Another similar instance has come under our observation, a young lady being, in this case, the dupe of the blue glass enthusiasts.

It is worth bearing in mind that the only property of blue glass that has been proved is its power to concentrate the rays of the sun and produce extraordinary heat. One of the most efficient methods employed in Siberia to blind political prisoners is to pass before the eyes of the captives a bright steel blade heated to a red heat, but it seems likely that with the march of civilization the Russian jailors will adopt another method which will produce exactly the same result, that is, they will try blue glass.—*New York Evening Post*.

AN ANCIENT CALENDAR.—In digging near Ceri, Rome, there has been discovered a superb marble fragment of an ancient calendar, containing the second half of the first five months of the year. Beside the usual indications of days, feasts and different games, there is a list of the principal solemnities; some of these last are quite new; others confirm conjectures which have been made by learned men on less certain indications. The most recent date which can be read is that of the dedication of the Altar of Peace by Augustus in the 745th year of Rome.

The Czar's Wild Cavalry.

FREAKS OF THE UNTAMED COSSACKS—HOW THEY RIDE AND PLAY—HORSES THAT CAN MOUNT A TABLE.

A Kischeneff correspondent writes: "The Cossacks are divided into several corps—the Cossacks of the Don, the Cossacks of the Ukraine, the Cossacks of the Caucasus, etc. Each of these divisions has a chief, who is called an ataman and holds the rank of general, and all the Cossacks of the empire are united under a single chief, who has the title of the 'ataman general.' This latter title always devolves upon the hereditary grand duke. The Cossack clothes and equipments himself, and his uniform and his horse belongs to himself. He wears a large round low cap made of skin from Astrakan, wide pantaloons, stuffed into his boots and reaching just below his knees, the whole covered by a kind of overcoat, buttoning on the back, and having three long flaps reaching to the feet and fastened on the full length. On his breast, to the left and right in vertical cases, he carries six cartridges at each side. In his belt he carries a poniard. A baldric hangs from his shoulder and passes to the left side, where it supports a long saber in a leather scabbard. On his back, hanging from a bandoleer and wrapped in a case made of goat's skin, he carries his rifle. The Cossack always carries in his hand a whip, with a short lash, which he calls *kinjal*. His horse is small and rather ugly, and though he is made of good stuff, his form is somewhat angular. To form an idea of the Cossack saddle, imagine an ordinary saddle upon which would be fastened by a strap a square leather cushion about four inches high. This is the reason that at first sight one is as much surprised to see this curious looking cavalier perched up so high on his saddle. He sticks on his horse's back by sticking his knees into the animal's sides with all the strength, which gives his legs the appearance of a pair of pinchers. The stirrup is an equally curious thing. The bottom is round and thick enough, but from that up it resembles very much one of those tin boxes in which preserves are sold. It has been already said that the Cossack's horse is his personal property, and it may be added that he turns it to business account by hiring it out. Since the arrival of the troops at Kischeneff they have been the delight of the collegians, who, for a rouble an hour, have been enabled to make promenades on horse-back in bands on these valiant little animals.

At the time of my arrival the squadron of Cossacks was massed in a heap in a corner. One of them started at a gallop and threw his cap into the middle of the square. Immediately all the others precipitated themselves forward at a headlong gallop and endeavored to pick up the cap either with the hand or the whip or by jumping to the ground. It was a scene of general confusion, during which the eye could scarcely distinguish horses from men. All this is accompanied by cries which do not cease till some horseman by an adroit manœuvre has managed to obtain possession of the trophy. Then they all start off again, lashing their horses with all their might, for it is a curious fact that during the whole time that the Cossack is mounted he beats his horse without a moment's cessation. The reader must not suppose that it is necessary that the Cossack must form one of a band in order that he may give play to his fantasies. Sometimes when he is alone he lets himself run in to certain eccentricities, of which I will give an example.

I was breakfasting in a restaurant when all on a sudden the door opened with a loud noise and a Cossack rushed in like a hurricane. After promenadeing noisily around the tables he pulled up his horse before one of the guests and placed the animal's nose on a plate of green salad which had just been brought out and which the horse ate with great celerity. Then man and horse departed just as they came, without any person, not even the proprietor of the establishment, saying a single word. Perhaps it was because the Cossack held in his hand the *kinjal*, whose strokes would cost him nothing. Later on I spoke of this incident to the aid-de-camp of an ataman, who simply laughed and said: "What surprises me is that the Cossack did not make his horse get up on a table." Seeing that I was astonished he called a Cossack who was waiting in the yard. The soldier came in on horseback without hesitating. The officer spoke but a single word and in less time than it takes me to write it the Cossack made his horse mount the billiard table. I insisted on no more, for this experiment was enough to edify me. As much will be said of Cossacks in this war it may be well to give an account of this peculiar cavalry. However astonishing may be the acts attributed to them the reader may accept the statement with confidence; for the truth of the stories can be established by good evidence. Already they have made hitherto unheard of marches, and they will be the real heroes of the events about to commence.

The reader has observed, no doubt, that in every war attention is concentrated on some one fact. In the Crimean war the Zouaves were the startling novelty. In 1859, in Italy, it was the rifled cannon. In 1870 the Uhlans. In the Bulgarian insurrection of last year the Bashi-Bazouks were the feature of great interest. This year the Cossacks will play leading part. They will encounter the famous Bashi-Bazouks, whom the Turks will not fail to put in the advance guards. We shall then see the Turkish irregulars exhibit as much readiness to meet and destroy an armed enemy as to butcher women and children.

Paritaneal Eating.

THE FEATS OF OUR FOREFATHERS—CLAMS AND HOT RUM THEIR FAVORITE INDULGENCES.

"This venerable society," said James Parton, at a recent meeting of the New York Historical Society, "has seen fit for many years to hold feasts, especially in June, when the festive strawberry gladdens the heart of man." He had asked, Why this collection every month? What connection between sandwiches and history? But a venerable member had rebuked him, saying, gravely, "Let no man speak disrespectfully of sandwiches here, for sandwiches built this house." [Applause.] One of the first acts of the Puritans in 1620 was to abolish that time honored and beloved feast, Christmas. Some of them had made the observance of the day a matter of conscience, and the Governor had spared them 'till they should be better informed,' but he had forbidden public games on that day. But in truth the Puritans never succeeded in abolishing Christmas, although they no longer observed it openly, according to the old chronicles. They had simply changed the date on which it had been observed for 3,000 years, and observed it after the old fashion—on the last Thursday of November.

The Puritans had little to make merry with. For years they had nothing to drink but water; and often the only viand was a lobster, with nothing to make a salad of. Then it was that the little clam made its appearance in history. But often when the Pilgrims had made ready a feast of ground nuts and calms, the Indians would come and eat it. To put a stop to these breaches of etiquette the Pilgrims hanged a man, not an Indian—that would not have been strange or original—but they hanged one of their own number for stealing from an Indian. In this tragic way the clam appeared in history. In this proud and haughty town the vendor of the clam, and even the horse who draws the load, are often mentioned in terms of disparagement; but it is far otherwise in New England, where they have "grand annual Episcopal clam bakes."

When America began to export furs and tobacco and codfish, the people of the country lived extravagantly. Bringing molasses from the West Indies, they soon learned to make rum of it, and rum became a circulating medium; but rum and tobacco soon vitiated the feasts of our forefathers. Even at the meetings of the clergy the room was often dark with the smoke of tobacco and the steam of hot rum. If any one supposed that in colonial times the people were more austere and virtuous than they are now, let him examine the records of the society, and he would soon find the magnitude of his error. John Adams, who began the temperance movement in this country, records that the price of rum was in those times a shilling a gallon, though sometimes it was raised to a pistareen ("which was a nine-pence," interrupted Mr. Parton), and in small towns there would be a dozen rum-taverns, which would be alarmingly injurious to the people. Other records show similar facts. From reading Franklin's memoirs, the lecturer, in common with others, had thought that sage a temperance man. But the sagacious Franklin, who knew well what to tell, omitted to state that after he became a prosperous gentleman he was no longer a teetotaler.

The absurd and barbarous habit of drinking healths was observed in all its rigor, but even this was to be preferred to the slangy habit of modern times. Later tea and coffee came in fashion, though chocolate had preceded these dainties in the popular favor, and the chocolate was commonly boiled with sausages and the whole mass eaten with a spoon. The coffee in olden times was probably very bad, and even as late as John Randolph's time there was ground for his immortal remark, "Waiter, if this is tea, bring me coffee; if this is coffee, bring me tea."

In the time of the Revolution, while the army was starving at Valley Forge, the people in the great cities were living in luxury and extravagance; and later, when the commerce of the country was pouring in wealth, the style of living was incredibly luxurious. The consequences of this extravagance were serious. For one thing it broke up President Washington's Cabinet. Dinners did it. The salaries of the Secretaries were all sufficient to keep up that style of living that was thought necessary. That fact afforded the speaker an opportunity for a long disquisition on Washington's morality, which he pronounced marvelously pure. "Nine men out of ten and ten women out of ten," he said, "observed the requirements of their positions."

Returning to the subject of the food, he said that the art of cooking was often lost and utterly resolved into the use of the frying pan. Missionaries had come over the sea to restore the high and simple cookery of our ancestors. One of the first of these was Delmonico, whose highest praise was that he cooked good food without spoiling it. There had been various quaint gastronomic clubs that had done much to preserve the traditions of cookery. He then described some of the various forms of rustic social parties, such as knitting-bees, cake-walks, calico parties, neck-tie receptions, etc., omitting, however, all mention of the barbecues—the glorious and ever-honored feast of the West and South for generations past.

An exchange speaks of the "genesis of Mark Twain." Thought he was booked as a levity-cuss.—*Boston Post*.

Financial and Commercial.

NEW YORK, July 7, 1877.—Gold opened at 106½; at 11 A. M., 106½; at 3 P. M., 106½; Pacific Mail, 106½; United States Bonds—1867, 109½; 1881, 111½; Western Union, 53½; Sterling Exchange, \$4 88½@4 90½; Hides, quiet, weak, 21½@21¾; Whale Oil, quiet, 35¢@36¢; Winter-bleached, 71¢@72¢; Sperm Oil, fair demand \$1 14½@20; Winter-bleached, \$1 43¢@1 48; California Wool, steady; Spring, 20¢@30¢; burry, 12¢@15¢; pulled, 25¢@35¢; Fall clip, 15¢@20¢; burry, 14¢@20¢; N. Y. Wheat, strong; N. Y. Flour, strong; Cotton, firm. Panama Railroad, 98; Silver, 117½@118.

LIVERPOOL, July 7, 1877.—Average California Wheat, 12s@12s 3/4. Club, 12s 3/4@12s 10/4.

LONDON, July 7.—Gonsols, 94 1/16@94 1/16; U. S. Bonds, 94, 108½; 4½'s, 105½; Silver, 33½.

Silver has declined to 5½ per cent. discount, buying, and 4½ per cent. discount, selling. Trade Dollars, 97½ buying, 97½ selling.

Currency is steady at 95½ buying, and 95½ selling.

CALIFORNIA FREIGHTS.

NEW YORK, July 7.—The movement at the wharves of the California Clippers is quiet; in fact, there is nothing doing worthy of mention. The ship Blue Jacket sailed to-day with a cargo of 2,100 tons, the chief items of which are: 200 tons coal, 4,000 bars steel rails, 100 tons pig iron, 50 bbls marble dust, 216 tons muck iron, 500 cases petroleum, 25 bbls sulphur, 1,336 packages dry goods, 200 bbls whiting, 193 bales paper, 161 bbls cement, 575 kegs nails, 55 cases hats, 950 packages starch, 10 bbls tar, 332 bbls rosin, 35 cases ale, 70 boxes tin, 25 bbls oil, 300 cases canned goods, 50 cases chicory, 100 kegs spikes, 20,700 pieces staves, a quantity of glassware, casting, etc. Tonnage offered for this business is plenty, but agents are not disposed to accept any vessel except upon their own terms. The ship Enos Slocum, 1,519 tons, has been taken to follow the Majestic at Boston. Clipper freights at Boston are quiet, while railroad freights there are more active, shipments amounting to 5,644 packages of miscellaneous goods, including a lot of wire, paper, glassware, etc.; also, 125 cases olive oil.

THE BOSTON WOOL MARKET.

BOSTON, July 7.—The excitement in the market continues with little or no abatement. The demand is active, and full prices are obtained for all desirable lots. Receipts are about 4,000,000 pounds. Sales of 244,000 pounds Ohio, including common to choice XX and above. Picklock, Ohio and Pennsylvania is quoted at 55¢@58¢; XX and above, 60¢@62¢; medium and No. 1, at 46¢@48¢. Sales of 230,000 pounds Michigan, at 43¢@45¢. The market is firm at these prices. Combings and delaines are in active demand. Sales of 619,000 pounds at 50¢@55¢ for washed, and 35¢@40¢ for unwashed. Pulled is in fair demand, and steady and firm. Sales of 200,000 pounds at 21¢@22¢, including low super at 32¢@35¢, mostly in the range of 40 to 45¢. The stock sold up close. Texas is sought after at full prices. Sales of 105,000 pounds at 26¢@27¢. California Spring is less active, but desirable lots are held at full prices. Sales of 473,000 pounds Spring, at 23¢@27¢; 60,000 pounds Fall, at 18¢@21¢. The merchandise markets are firmer in some respects. Flour is more active, at an advance of 10¢@15¢. Wheat is quiet at an advance of 2¢@3¢. High prices have checked business, and holders are indifferent. Pork is steady at \$14.30. Petroleum is firm; refined in bulk, 18½¢. Spirits turpentine dull and depressed, 38¢@39¢. Rio coffee is firm and quiet. Hides are dull, but very firm. Refined sugar is active, and ½¢ higher. Wool is less active, but there is still a good business doing. California Spring is sought after, and prices are firm; there have been sales of 225 bales, at 25¢@30¢. Fall is also in better demand, sales of 225 bales, at 20¢@21¢. In the Boston market wool continues to attract attention, and sustains a firm tone. California Spring is less active, but desirable lots are held at full prices. Sales of 473,000 pounds Spring, at 23¢@27¢; 60,000 pounds Fall, at 18¢@21¢.

CHICAGO MARKETS.

CHICAGO, July 7.—This week, having had two diet men, has been one of less business and excitement on 'Change than is usual. Prices have fluctuated only moderately. The business has been largely speculative, and the movement of grain limited, in spite of the great inducements for shipping. Wheat, sold from \$1.35 to \$1.45. Corn from 46¢ to 48¢. Oats, 32 to 34. Pork, \$12.50 to \$13.20. Lard, \$8.57½@9.00. All these prices being for the July option. Firmer rates prevail at the close of the week, and despite of the good growing weather and favorable prospects for grain, the outlook is bright for good prices. Winter wheat in Southern Illinois is already harvested, and a better harvest is expected. The crop is in good condition in almost every section which has sent in reports. Corn is also growing rapidly, and at present is troubled by neither drought nor flood. Receipts for the week have been: Wheat, 81,000 bushels; Corn, 729,000; Oats, 242,000; Shipments: Wheat, 117,000 bushels; Corn, 1,348,000; Oats, 185,000. Receipts for the same time last year: Wheat, 351,000 bushels; Corn, 847,000; Oats, 349,000. Shipments: Wheat, 191,000 bushels; Corn, 994,000; Oats, 415,000. The closing prices are, for cash: Wheat, \$1.45; Corn, 48¢@49¢; Oats, 33¢; Rye, 62¢; Barley, 60¢@61¢; Pork, \$13.20; Lard, \$8.90.

PRODUCE MARKET.

[The following quotations of Flour and Grain are for gold, unless otherwise specified.]

FLOUR.—We quote Extra in round lots at \$2.50 @7, and jobbing lots for silver at \$2.67 50 @ bbl.

WHEAT.—Receipts include the cargo of the ship Oracle, consisting of 27,000 cents, loaded at Valparaiso. Private advices report the English market thin. Sale of 600 sacks Oregon, a little smutty, at \$2.17½. We quote shipping at \$2.15@2.22½, and good to choice milling at \$2.25@2.30 @ cwt.

BARLEY.—The market is strong at a further advance. Sale of 100 sacks coast brewing, \$1.75; 300 sacks good coast feed, \$1.67½; 700 do do, \$1.67½; 100 do new, \$1.65 @ cwt.

OATS.—Sale of 625 sacks choice Oregon for Australia at \$2.30; gold; 200 do bay feed, \$2.15; silver; coast sells down to \$1.80 @ cwt.

POTATOES.—A further advance has taken place. Early Rose sold from the wharf at \$1.61 50; Oats a lot of very choice Red at \$1.65 @ cwt. Small lots of new sweet are beginning to arrive, quoted at 5¢ @ lb.

ONIONS.—Plentiful. Choice at 8¢@8½ for Red and \$1.12½ @ cwt for Silver Skin.

HAY.—Sale of 20 tons choice new Wheat at \$23. We quote the range at \$16@23 @ ton.

STRAW.—Choice is quoted at \$2½ @ bale.

CORN.—Small Bay is steady at \$1.82½ @ cwt.

RYE.—Quotable at \$1.90 @ cwt, silver.

BUCKWHEAT.—Quotable at \$1.65@1.75 @ cwt.

GROUND BARLEY.—Selling from the mills at \$37.50 @ ton.

CORNMEAL.—Is in fair demand from the mills at 36¢@37¢; feed, 34¢ @ ton.

OLD LAKE MEAL.—The mill price is \$40 @ ton, less the usual discount.

BRAN.—We quote a sale of 50 tons from warehouse at \$24; at the same time the price at some of the mills is \$22.50 @ ton.

MIDDLES.—The mill price has been advanced to \$32.50 @ ton.

BEANS.—We quote: Flax, 2½¢; Mustard, white, 2½¢; Mustard, brown, 2½¢@3¢; Canary, 6¢; Alfalfa, 25¢; Timothy, —.

BEANS.—We quote: Pea, 2¢; cwt., \$2.75; Small White, \$2.00@2.50; Butter, \$2.00; Bayo, \$4.00@4.25; Pink, \$7.75; Red, —; Lima, \$3.00@3.25.

BUTTER AND CHEESE.—Choice Fresh Roll Butter is less plentiful and higher. We quote half silver rates as follows: Fresh Roll Butter, 25¢@30¢; Firkin, new, 27¢@30¢; California Cheese, 13¢@15¢; Eastern, 15¢@16¢.

PROVISIONS.—Following are current rates: Eastern Hams, 12¢@15¢; California do, 11¢@12¢; California Bacon, 11¢@14¢; Smoked Beef, 10¢@11¢; Lard, tierces, 13¢@14¢; do, cases, 13¢@14¢.

EGGS.—Choice are scarce. We quote: Hens', 27¢ @ doz; Salt Lake, 20¢@25¢; and Eastern, 18¢@20¢ @ doz.

POULTRY.—Prices are steady. Hens, per dozen, \$5.00@5.50; Young Roosters, \$5.00@5.50; Old Roosters, \$4.50@5.00; Broilers, small, \$2.00@2.50; Ducks, \$3.00@3.50 @ doz; Turkeys, 1 lb, 17¢@20¢; Geese, per pair, \$1.50@2.25.

FRUIT.—Receipts of Strawberries by the boat and morning train were 129 chests, and by the evening train 1 chest, just making the round 200 chests. About three thousand baskets Peaches arrived from the Sacramento river. California Oranges, \$20 @ doz; Sicily Lemons, \$2; Times, \$18 @ doz; Sicily Lemons, \$2; California do, \$2.50 @ doz; Cocoanuts, \$1.00, \$5.00; Bananas, \$2 @ bunch; \$2 @ doz; Pineapples, \$2 @ doz; \$5 @ doz; Plums, \$1 @ box, \$1.00@1.50; Peas, \$1 @ box, 75¢@80¢; do Bartlett, \$2 @ doz; Strawberries, \$5 @ chest, \$5 @ doz; Cherries, 1 lb, 6¢@12¢; Currants, \$ @ drawer, 50¢@75¢; Raspberries, \$ @

ket, 12¢@15¢; Blackberries, 1 lb, 6¢@10¢; Apricots, 1 lb, 5¢@10¢; Apples, 1 lb, 5¢@10¢; Peaches, 1 lb, 5¢@10¢; do baskets, 5¢@10¢; Grapes, 1 lb, 5¢@10¢; Figs, 1 lb, 5¢@10¢; BEESWAX.—Choice brings 27¢@28¢ @ lb. HONEY.—We quote choice White, in frames, at 15¢ No. 2, 12¢; Dark, 10¢; Strained, 7¢@8¢. BUTTS.—California Walnuts are selling at 8¢@10¢; Peanuts, 4¢@6¢; California Almonds, 15¢@17¢; do, hard shell, 7¢; Eastern Chestnuts, 20¢@25¢ @ lb. DRIED FRUIT.—We quote: Apples, 1 lb, 5¢@8¢; Peas, 1 lb, 5¢@8¢; Prunes, 1 lb, 5¢@8¢; Plums, 1 lb, 5¢@8¢; Raisins, 1 lb, 5¢@8¢; Currants, 1 lb, 5¢@8¢; Figs, 1 lb, 5¢@8¢; Pineapples, 1 lb, 5¢@8¢; Strawberries, 1 lb, 5¢@8¢; Raspberries, 1 lb, 5¢@8¢; Blackberries, 1 lb, 5¢@8¢; Apples, 1 lb, 5¢@8¢; Peaches, 1 lb, 5¢@8¢; do baskets, 5¢@10¢; Grapes, 1 lb, 5¢@10¢; Figs, 1 lb, 5¢@10¢; BEESWAX.—Choice brings 27¢@28¢ @ lb. HONEY.—We quote choice White, in frames, at 15¢ No. 2, 12¢; Dark, 10¢; Strained, 7¢@8¢. BUTTS.—California Walnuts are selling at 8¢@10¢; Peanuts, 4¢@6¢; California Almonds, 15¢@17¢; do, hard shell, 7¢; Eastern Chestnuts, 20¢@25¢ @ lb. DRIED FRUIT.—We quote: Apples, 1 lb, 5¢@8¢; Peas, 1 lb, 5¢@8¢; Prunes, 1 lb, 5¢@8¢; Plums, 1 lb, 5¢@8¢; Raisins, 1 lb, 5¢@8¢; Currants, 1 lb, 5¢@8¢; Figs, 1 lb, 5¢@8¢; Pineapples, 1 lb, 5¢@8¢; Strawberries, 1 lb, 5¢@8¢; Raspberries, 1 lb, 5¢@8¢; Blackberries, 1 lb, 5¢@8¢; Apples, 1 lb, 5¢@8¢; Peaches, 1 lb, 5¢@8¢; do baskets, 5¢@10¢; Grapes, 1 lb, 5¢@10¢; Figs, 1 lb, 5¢@10¢; BEESWAX.—Choice brings 27¢@28¢ @ lb. HONEY.—We quote choice White, in frames, at 15¢ No. 2, 12¢; Dark, 10¢; Strained, 7¢@8¢. BUTTS.—California Walnuts are selling at 8¢@10¢; Peanuts, 4¢@6¢; California Almonds, 15¢@17¢; do, hard shell, 7¢; Eastern Chestnuts, 20¢@25¢ @ lb. DRIED FRUIT.—We quote: Apples, 1 lb, 5¢@8¢; Peas, 1 lb, 5¢@8¢; Prunes, 1 lb, 5¢@8¢; Plums, 1 lb, 5¢@8¢; Raisins, 1 lb, 5¢@8¢; Currants, 1 lb, 5¢@8¢; Figs, 1 lb, 5¢@8¢; Pineapples, 1 lb, 5¢@8¢; Strawberries, 1 lb, 5¢@8¢; Raspberries, 1 lb, 5¢@8¢; Blackberries, 1 lb, 5¢@8¢; Apples, 1 lb, 5¢@8¢; Peaches, 1 lb, 5¢@8¢; do baskets, 5¢@10¢; Grapes, 1 lb, 5¢@10¢; Figs, 1 lb, 5¢@10¢; BEESWAX.—Choice brings 27¢@28¢ @ lb. HONEY.—We quote choice White, in frames, at 15¢ No. 2, 12¢; Dark, 10¢; Strained, 7¢@8¢. BUTTS.—California Walnuts are selling at 8¢@10¢; Peanuts, 4¢@6¢; California Almonds, 15¢@17¢; do, hard shell, 7¢; Eastern Chestnuts, 20¢@25¢ @ lb. DRIED FRUIT.—We quote: Apples, 1 lb, 5¢@8¢; Peas, 1 lb, 5¢@8¢; Prunes, 1 lb, 5¢@8¢; Plums, 1 lb, 5¢@8¢; Raisins, 1 lb, 5¢@8¢; Currants, 1 lb, 5¢@8¢; Figs, 1 lb, 5¢@8¢; Pineapples, 1 lb, 5¢@8¢; Strawberries, 1 lb, 5¢@8¢; Raspberries, 1 lb, 5¢@8¢; Blackberries, 1 lb, 5¢@8¢; Apples, 1 lb, 5¢@8¢; Peaches, 1 lb, 5¢@8¢; do baskets, 5¢@10¢; Grapes, 1 lb, 5¢@10¢; Figs, 1 lb, 5¢@10¢; BEESWAX.—Choice brings 27¢@28¢ @ lb. HONEY.—We quote choice White, in frames, at 15¢ No. 2, 12¢; Dark, 10¢; Strained, 7¢@8¢. BUTTS.—California Walnuts are selling at 8¢@10¢; Peanuts, 4¢@6¢; California Almonds, 15¢@17¢; do, hard shell, 7¢; Eastern Chestnuts, 20¢@25¢ @ lb. DRIED FRUIT.—We quote: Apples, 1 lb, 5¢@8¢; Peas, 1 lb, 5¢@8¢; Prunes, 1 lb, 5¢@8¢; Plums, 1 lb, 5¢@8¢; Raisins, 1 lb, 5¢@8¢; Currants, 1 lb, 5¢@8¢; Figs, 1 lb, 5¢@8¢; Pineapples, 1 lb, 5¢@8¢; Strawberries, 1 lb, 5¢@8¢; Raspberries, 1 lb, 5¢@8¢; Blackberries, 1 lb, 5¢@8¢; Apples, 1 lb, 5¢@8¢; Peaches, 1 lb, 5¢@8¢; do baskets, 5¢@10¢; Grapes, 1 lb, 5¢@10¢; Figs, 1 lb, 5¢@10¢; BEESWAX.—Choice brings 27¢@28¢ @ lb. HONEY.—We quote choice White, in frames, at 15¢ No. 2, 12¢; Dark, 10¢; Strained, 7¢@8¢. BUTTS.—California Walnuts are selling at 8¢@10¢; Peanuts, 4¢@6¢; California Almonds, 15¢@17¢; do, hard shell, 7¢; Eastern Chestnuts, 20¢@25¢ @ lb. DRIED FRUIT.—We quote: Apples, 1 lb, 5¢@8¢; Peas, 1 lb, 5¢@8¢; Prunes, 1 lb, 5¢@8¢; Plums, 1 lb, 5¢@8¢; Raisins, 1 lb, 5¢@8¢; Currants, 1 lb, 5¢@8¢; Figs, 1 lb, 5¢@8¢; Pineapples, 1 lb, 5¢@8¢; Strawberries, 1 lb, 5¢@8¢; Raspberries, 1 lb, 5¢@8¢; Blackberries, 1 lb, 5¢@8¢; Apples, 1 lb, 5¢@8¢; Peaches, 1 lb, 5¢@8¢; do baskets, 5¢@10¢; Grapes, 1 lb, 5¢@10¢; Figs, 1 lb, 5¢@10¢; BEESWAX.—Choice brings 27¢@28¢ @ lb. HONEY.—We quote choice White, in frames, at 15¢ No. 2, 12¢; Dark, 10¢; Strained, 7¢@8¢. BUTTS.—California Walnuts are selling at 8¢@10¢; Peanuts, 4¢@6¢; California Almonds, 15¢@17¢; do, hard shell, 7¢; Eastern Chestnuts, 20¢@25¢ @ lb. DRIED FRUIT.—We quote: Apples, 1 lb, 5¢@8¢; Peas, 1 lb, 5¢@8¢; Prunes, 1 lb, 5¢@8¢; Plums, 1 lb, 5¢@8¢; Raisins, 1 lb, 5¢@8¢; Currants, 1 lb, 5¢@8¢; Figs, 1 lb, 5¢@8¢; Pineapples, 1 lb, 5¢@8¢; Strawberries, 1 lb, 5¢@8¢; Raspberries, 1 lb, 5¢@8¢; Blackberries, 1 lb, 5¢@8¢; Apples, 1 lb, 5¢@8¢; Peaches, 1 lb, 5¢@8¢; do baskets, 5¢@10¢; Grapes, 1 lb, 5¢@10¢; Figs, 1 lb, 5¢@10¢; BEESWAX.—Choice brings 27¢@28¢ @ lb. HONEY.—We quote choice White, in frames, at 15¢ No. 2, 12¢; Dark, 10¢; Strained, 7¢@8¢. BUTTS.—California Walnuts are selling at 8¢@10¢; Peanuts, 4¢@6¢; California Almonds, 15¢@17¢; do, hard shell, 7¢; Eastern Chestnuts, 20¢@25¢ @ lb. DRIED FRUIT.—We quote: Apples, 1 lb, 5¢@8¢; Peas, 1 lb, 5¢@8¢; Prunes, 1 lb, 5¢@8¢; Plums, 1 lb, 5¢@8¢; Raisins, 1 lb, 5¢@8¢; Currants, 1 lb, 5¢@8¢; Figs, 1 lb, 5¢@8¢; Pineapples, 1 lb, 5¢@8¢; Strawberries, 1 lb, 5¢@8¢; Raspberries, 1 lb, 5¢@8¢; Blackberries, 1 lb, 5¢@8¢; Apples, 1 lb, 5¢@8¢; Peaches, 1 lb, 5¢@8¢; do baskets, 5¢@10¢; Grapes, 1 lb, 5¢@10¢; Figs, 1 lb, 5¢@10¢; BEESWAX.—Choice brings 27¢@28¢ @ lb. HONEY.—We quote choice White, in frames, at 15¢ No. 2, 12¢; Dark, 10¢; Strained, 7¢@8¢. BUTTS.—California Walnuts are selling at 8¢@10¢; Peanuts, 4¢@6¢; California Almonds, 15¢@17¢; do, hard shell, 7¢; Eastern Chestnuts, 20¢@25¢ @ lb. DRIED FRUIT.—We quote: Apples, 1 lb, 5¢@8¢; Peas, 1 lb, 5¢@8¢; Prunes, 1 lb, 5¢@8¢; Plums, 1 lb, 5¢@8¢; Raisins, 1 lb, 5¢@8¢; Currants, 1 lb, 5¢@8¢; Figs, 1 lb, 5¢@8¢; Pineapples, 1 lb, 5¢@8¢; Strawberries, 1 lb, 5¢@8¢; Raspberries, 1 lb, 5¢@8¢; Blackberries, 1 lb, 5¢@8¢; Apples, 1 lb, 5¢@8¢; Peaches, 1 lb, 5¢@8¢; do baskets, 5¢@10¢; Grapes, 1 lb, 5¢@10¢; Figs, 1 lb, 5¢@10¢; BEESWAX.—Choice brings 27¢@28¢ @ lb. HONEY.—We quote choice White, in frames, at 15¢ No. 2, 12¢; Dark, 10¢; Strained, 7¢@8¢. BUTTS.—California Walnuts are selling at 8¢@10¢; Peanuts, 4¢

DARWINISM IN MORALS.

High instincts, dim previsions, sacred fears.—
Whence issuing? Are they but the brains unseamed,
Tradition shapings of a barbarous past,
Remodeled ever by the younger years,
Mixed with fresh clay, and kneaded with new
fears?
No more? The dead chief's ghost a shadow cast
Across a roving clan, and thence at last
Come God, who in the soul His law impresses?
Is this the whole? Has not the Future powers
To match the Past—attractions, pulsings, tides,
And voices for purged ears? Shall our light
The glow of ancient sunsets and lost hours?
Advance no banners up heaven's eastern sides?
Trembles the margin with no portent bright?
—*The Inner Life, by Edward Dowden.*

FLOWERS WILL BLOOM AGAIN.

The dreariest road that ever wound between
Sleep mountains, with their gorges dark and deep,
At last will share the plain, and, lo! a scene
Of peaceful rest will lull each fear to sleep.
Then wait, and let your heart still sing,
Though every hour new dangers bring:
The longest day must end at last,
And joy can smile o'er sorrows past!

The darkest hour of night, when not a star
Is seen to give one ray of promise bright,
Will end at last in joyous morn, and far
O'er hill and dale the sun will send his light.
Then wait, nor lose all hope of dawn
Because the hours drag slowly on;
The darkest night still brings the glow
Of rosy morn o'er every woe!

The coldest day that Winter e'er can bring,
With sleet, and snow, and ice to swell his train,
Must yield at last to sunny smiles of Spring,
And all the earth with flowers will bloom again.
Then wait, nor sigh midst falling snow
For summer's warmth and summer's glow:
The days will sit, and, sweetly blest,
Fair Spring will smile on winter's breast!

WEDDED TO INSANITY.

A corridor at the end of one wing of a large rambling house, a barred window, and a closed door. In the passage a fair-haired girl with the light of indescribable pity in her dove-like eyes, kneeling upon the boards, and pushing biscuits and sweetmeats underneath the ill-fitting door, which disappeared as fast as they were placed there, showing that there were human hands to seize them on the other side. Within, another girl as young as the first—not twenty, certainly—groveling on the floor like a wild beast, with dark disheveled hair almost hiding the spark of insanity that desecrated her glorious eyes, and devouring the precious morsels that her visitant placed within her reach with the avidity of a hungry child. The room in which she crouched was not comfortable, but had evidently been prepared for the reception of such inmates, and the carefully guarded window and cushioned walls showed that the mansion in which it was situated was occupied by one who made it the business of his life to receive such unfortunate into his professional care. In plain words, a private lunatic asylum.

"My poor Leah!" whispered the fair-haired girl out side, "do you know that I am here, and that I love you?"

The soft clear voice was not unheard, for Leah raised her head for a moment, and sat listening, with the dark cloud of tangled hair thrown back from the low forehead and deeply-shaded eyebrows. But the look of attention passed away almost as rapidly as it had come, and in another moment her head was down again on the floor, and the softly-set lips, that seemed made only to shape love's whispers, murmured stupidly and hungrily: "More, more!"

"I am going now," said the soft voice again, "but I will come and see you this evening, with the nurse. Do you hear? Do you understand?"

There was nothing but an inarticulate murmur in reply, though she listened in vain; and the fair-haired girl rose with a sigh from her knees, and passed from the desolate corridor into the more habitable and cheerful part of the house in which the physician and his family lived, having learned from habit to look lightly on the empty human shrines of reason that were sheltered beneath the same roof.

"She is so beautiful!" said the girl to herself as she went down the staircase. "I hope God does not let her know what she is now, or she would die, as I should do."

"My dear Margaret," said her mother, looking up as her eldest child entered the room, "I do hope you have not been among the patients again?"

"I have been to see poor Leah," said Margaret Fenwick in the same soft voice, which was one of her greatest charms. "I must do that, you know, if it makes her less unhappy."

"Let the child alone," said Dr. Fenwick. "She will do herself no harm, if she does nobody else any good. But you did not work upon Brooker's feelings to give you the key, I hope, Madge? The door was locked, of course?"

"I talked to her through the door, that was all," answered Margaret simply. "Papa, do you think she will be like other people again? It was only last week she was sitting here with us all, and I was teaching her to play the accompaniment to my songs!"

"I know all that," said the physician, "but she is suffering from an acute attack of dementia now. She is very young, and may get completely over it, but then she will be always liable to a relapse. A sudden trouble would do it at any time."

"And she has money, too!" sighed Mrs. Fenwick half enviously, as if it was a sin that such good material for happiness should be wasted. "Didn't you say she had money?"

"One hundred and fifty thousand dollars, I believe," said her husband dryly, "but I think there are one hundred and fifty thousand reasons why nobody should envy her."

It is five years since Margaret Fenwick knelt at the corridor door, whispering soft words of love and sympathy to the unhappy girl inside. She is living in the city with her mother now, for Dr. Fenwick has been dead some time, and the establishment at Horewood is broken up. The gentle charm of her

loveliness is still in its first flower, and, as she lingers over the letter which is in her hand, the clear light of happiness is irradiating her brow and laughing back from the soft sweet eyes. The words that a man writes to his promised wife could be answered in no more fitting way.

"MY DEAREST CHILD:—I have got all the way to Virginia safely, and the whole family is collected here under the paternal roof. I needn't say that one thing is wanting to me, and that, I hope, will soon be supplied, for of course you will come and spend Christmas with us. My father and mother both want words to express their anxiety to see you, and receive you as a daughter. Write and say how soon you can come. We are very quiet here, but there are one or two new people in the village. A Mrs. Fourier has taken the White House, and her daughter is a regular acquisition. The old lady is not much, but Leah Fourier plays and sings divinely, and is unusually good-looking into the bargain. The girls are mad about her. You see how hard up I am for anything to tell you, when I am forced to write about strangers. I suppose you would get tired of it if I were to keep on telling you that I love you, but I have very few other ideas in my head just now at any time. Besides, isn't it much pleasanter to tell it with your dear hand in mine? Your own
"ARTHUR ASHTON."

"Leah Fourier," repeated Margaret to herself dreamily; "I hope she won't remember me. I wonder whether mad people recollect anything that has passed when they are well? That would be the most wretched part of it all."

Leah Fourier is singing, "If Thou Knowest!" and Arthur Ashton is leaning over the piano, looking into her magical eyes with an expression—well, which would mean a good deal with some men, which is but a graceful courtesy, Margaret tries to believe, with Arthur Ashton. She has been at Allegan a fortnight now, and has found Leah Fourier almost as constant an inmate of the house as herself. But then, as Arthur said, the girls are mad about her; and there certainly is an enchantment somewhere in her glowing face before which few are able to stand. "Certainly, thou would'st love me!" she sings, and Margaret knows that the words would sound cold and passionless from her own lips in comparison. Is it wonderful that there should be a response in Arthur Ashton's eyes?

The song is ended, and Margaret Fenwick's fiancée strolls after the singer into the conservatory.

"If I were you, Margaret, I should go after them, really," says Arthur's eldest sister, half laughing. "Leah would flirt with the footman, I believe, if there was nobody else in the way. It was just the same when poor Charlie was at home."

Margaret tries to smile, and to keep her wistful eyes turned away from the conservatory door, but she cannot help speculating a little as to the difference between "Poor Charlie" and his brother. As to Leah, herself, she can hardly form a calm, rational opinion, so different is this Leah from the girl with the wild eyes, whose poor uncertain fingers she had helped to find their old familiar places on the piano at Horewood five years ago. She feels rather than knows that the past is not all a blank in Miss Fourier's brain; but no word of recognition has passed between the girls, and it is plain at any rate that nothing of that dreadful episode in Leah's life is suspected by the Ashtons. To Margaret herself, as she looks on the other's proud, imperious beauty, it seems as if her remembrance could be nothing, but a dream; and yet it is almost a pain to her to think that so much of her pity in those bygone days was wasted.

Ten minutes—a quarter of an hour, goes slowly by, and Leah saunters back into the drawing-room, with a spray of maidenhair in her hand, and the passion of her song still half-slumbering in those deep, mysterious eyes. "Mr. Ashton is going to be kind enough to see me home," she remarks generally for everybody's information, and Margaret feels the same sudden chill that had come to her the night before for the first time, when her lover had undertaken the same surely unnecessary duty. It is almost a relief to her to remember that this is her last evening with the Ashtons, and that next day Arthur is to take her back to the city. Leah Fourier may take all the footmen in the country into the conservatory with her then, if she chooses.

Nevertheless the chill comes back to her heart more unmistakably than ever the next night, for Leah Fourier, and the conservatory, and Arthur Ashton are all left behind. He found that he could take another week's holiday, he told her, and she could not be selfish enough to propose that he should spend two days in traveling, merely for the sake of taking her home. So their good-bye was said at the little railway station, but something fell out of his pocket as he was taking her ticket, and she could not help seeing that it was a bit of maidenhair fern. It was a pity that it should be crushed under a stranger's foot before he could recover it—but then there was more in the conservatory.

Four, five days without a letter, and during that time the chill never leaves her heart—and then there comes what she has been looking for. He asks her if she is good enough, unselfish enough to forgive him; and adds, of course, that he can never forgive himself. Margaret knows now what answer he made to Leah's song, and wonders if there is anything left for her in the world, or if it is all made up of such questions and

such replies. Then she remembers that her father had said that there were one hundred and fifty thousand reasons why no one should envy Leah Fourier.

Well, Leah is his, body and soul, reason and all, if he chooses to take her; and Margaret wonders whether the first will make up to him for all the others.

Would he choose, if he knew of the corridor at Horewood, and had seen the lips he loved cloying themselves with sweets that soft, compassionate hands thrust by stealth within their reach? She puts away the thought from her with a shudder, calling upon God not to tempt her to come between him and his happiness. If it can be hidden from him, it would be a sin in her, of all women in the world, to say a word which might dash the cup from his lips. She would drink her own cup, instead, and try to sweeten it by the thought that the man she loved was happy with the girl for whom she had once felt so divine a pity.

The months go quickly enough by, now that Margaret no longer counts how many there are between the seed and the blossom of her happiness, and she knows that Arthur Ashton must have brought his bride back with him by this time to his city home. Does she sing, "If Thou Knowest!" to him now, Margaret wonders, or does each know the depth and intensity of the other's love by heart and find it sufficient? Margaret shudders as she remembers that there is still a secret hidden from Arthur Ashton in Leah's mysterious eyes—a secret which she alone can read, and would give half her life to be able to forget. Would it ever happen that he should come to her and curse her for having hidden it from him to revenge herself?

That she is revenged, God knows how unwillingly, Margaret sees the first time she holds Arthur Ashton's hand in hers again. He has written to ask her if he may come to her and satisfy himself of her forgiveness, and her love is dead enough in her heart for her to be able to tell him "yes." She has even ceased to wonder at the dreariness of her own life, and is vaguely conscious, as he takes her hand, of the same great pity for him and the woman who had supplanted her that filled her heart as she went down the staircase at Horewood, leaving the old corridor and the locked door behind her.

"You have found out how little I was worth your regret!" he says, forcing an uneasy laugh, as he sees that the old quiver he remembers in her lips is there no longer.

"No, not that," answers Margaret, simply, "but it is quite true that I regret nothing; nothing at least that—" She stops, knowing that it is too late to tell him now what she does regret, and what she tries to persuade herself she is mistaken in regretting. "You must be very happy—you are happy, are you not?" she asks, anxiously.

"How long do you expect a bridegroom's happiness to last?" he asks in reply, with an affection of levity that tells Margaret she has been sacrificed in vain. "Leah has been talking of coming to see you the last month, do you know?"

"She is very beautiful," said Margaret, irrelevantly. "Is she quite well?"

"Well? Of course she is," he answers in not quite so even a voice. "Why should she not be well?"

Margaret's heart turns sick with the horrible apprehension that he has already learnt to suspect a reason why. "I only meant that I should be very glad to see her," she answers in what she strives to make her natural voice.

"Will you tell her so from me?" "You knew her before that time you came to stay with us, did you not?" he asks, looking at her with a keen, inquiring glance. "Why did you never tell me that?"

"Yes; that is, I met her years ago," answers Margaret, hesitating. "I did not think she remembered me; but I knew her again as soon as I saw her."

"Did you ever quarrel?" the bridegroom asks, a little puzzled by her manner.

"Oh, no," replies Margaret, with a shudder, thinking of the crouching figure and the greedy, clutching hands that she had stolen up the long corridor to soothe into content. "But she was always a strange girl; and I never understood her quite," she adds rather lamely.

"Yes—strange—that is the word, is it not?" he says, eagerly. "She is nervous and depressed sometimes, you know, but that is nothing. She used to be that—that is what you mean, is it not?"

It goes to Margaret's heart to see the wistful look with which he waits for her answer, striving to put away from his thoughts the awful fear which she knows has already overshadowed his life.

"I think she was always nervous," she answers, wishing that she dared say something to comfort him, if she could do so without a lie. "But of course, now that she is happy, there is nothing to be anxious about in that."

She does not offer to visit the bride herself, knowing what the sight of her must recall to Leah's mind, and not in truth believing that her presence would be welcome, whatever Mrs. Ashton might say to her husband of her wish to see Margaret Fenwick again.

"Tell her how glad I shall be, if she likes to come," she says earnestly when Arthur Ashton takes her hand in his to again to say good-bye.

"Yes, I will tell her," he answers, but all the unreal cheerfulness has died out of his voice. "It will do her good to have a friend like you—some woman to whom she can talk."

Margaret does not answer, for the tears are filling her eyes; but it needs no words to tell Arthur Ashton that the heart he has thrown away is large enough for what he asks of it.

The months go by, but Leah Ashton still only talks of coming to see the girl whose place in life she had taken from her; so that Christmas comes round again without Margaret having seen her rival since the evening on which Leah came out of the conservatory, with the spray of maidenhair in her hand. There is a reason why Mrs. Ashton should stay in her own house now, and Margaret is not surprised to see in the paper that Arthur Ashton has another cause for being "very happy." She almost persuaded herself that he may be by this time, and writes to him of her hope, with her dear love to his wife. She did not think that such a letter required immediate acknowledgment and opens his reply a little anxiously, hearing that it had been brought by a special messenger.

"Come if you can at once—she is asking for you. God have mercy upon me!" A. A.

He is waiting for her at the door as she drives up; and even in the gaslight she can see upon his brow an awful dread that his prayer will not be heard.

"You are afraid to see her?" Margaret puts her hand in his by way of reply, and her very touch seems to give him courage.

"She is not quite herself, you know—not sensible, I mean—but the doctors say that is common. And your name has been on her lips all day. She will be calmer when she sees you, will she not?"

"Yes, yes," says Margaret, choking back her tears. "Only take me to her at once."

She kneels by the bedside, disregarding the presence of the doctor and nurse, and her soft arm steals lovingly round Leah's neck, as in the old day.

"Dear Leah, I am here," she whispers.

The heavy lids open, and the dark mystery of the wonderful eyes, blurred and scorched with the lurid fire that Margaret remembers so well, is turned full upon her.

"Don't go away," Leah whispers, in a hoarse, exhausted voice. "They are shutting me up alone again."

Her husband is standing at the foot of the bed, with horror-stricken face, but she has no eyes for him.

"It is dark and miserable, Margaret, but I will be quiet if you stay. Make them let you stay, do you hear?"

The weak voice rises almost to a scream, and Margaret tries in vain to soothe it.

"Yes, dear Leah, I am Margaret. Dear Leah, you know that I love you! O, my poor darling, you know that I love you!"

The surgeon, who is standing opposite Margaret, shakes his head solemnly as she raises her eyes to meet his, and the shadow of death begins already to steal over the room. Even the lips are chill and pallid as Margaret touches them with her own, and the feverish grasp of the poor weak hand dies into impotence in her warm fingers. The dark tangled hair falls over the shapely brow and thick curled eyebrows just as it used to do, and Margaret does not know, until she is told, that it is veiling the face of the dead. And there is no more for her to pity Leah Ashton any more.

A Curious Old Newspaper.

There has lately been discovered (says the *London Academy*) in the library of the University of Heidelberg, a copy of a newspaper which proves to be the oldest periodical of which there is any knowledge. It is a quarto volume, bearing the date 1609, and is supposed to have been printed by John Carolus, of Strasburg. The paper was issued weekly, each number consisting of two sheets. It was mainly occupied with letters from correspondents in adjoining States, which were contributed regularly. It is interesting to note that letters from Vienna were about eight days on the route, from Venice from fourteen to seventeen days, and from Rome twenty-one days. When the matter contained in the letters, together with the news retailed at second hand, failed to fill the sheet, the remaining space was left blank.

Intelligence of every sort found a place in the journal. Among the most interesting occurrences noted was the manufacture of the telescope by Galileo. The correspondent from Florence writes, on September 4th, to the effect "that the Government of Venice made a considerable present to Signor Galileo, of Florence, Professor of Mathematics at Padua, and increased his annual stipend by one hundred crowns, because with diligent study he found out a rule and measure by which it is possible to see places thirty miles distant as if they were near, and, on the other hand, near objects to appear much larger than they are before our eyes."

The news received from Prague affords a disturbed picture of plunder and murder in the streets of the city. It appears that at this period men and women were daily seized by bandits, robbed, strangled and thrown into the Moldau. Seven bodies were taken from the water in one day, and at another time seven malefactors were apprehended, "who confessed that, on the 18th of the month, they threw about fourteen persons into the water, and that their band numbered about eighty, who were, for the most part, natives of Prague."

"Old St." was asked his opinion of the blue-glass cure, and said to his questioner, who was a church-steward, "Well now, you jes git er blue-glass sa'sser nex Sunday, an' see de 'eckt ob hit when yer go ter raise de collectshun—ef dat succeed, I'm gwine ter b'leeve in de sense of blue-glass, but not befo'!"

The Last Man.

What will become of the last man? Various theories that have been seriously maintained by scientific men are described in the *Scientific American*, and the *New York Sun* summarizes them: 1. The surface of the earth is steadily diminishing, elevated regions are being lowered, and the seas are filling up. The land will at last be all submerged, and the last man will be starved or drowned. 2. The ice is gradually accumulating at the North pole and melting away at the South pole, the consequence of which will be an awful catastrophe when the earth's center of gravity suddenly changes. The last man will then be drowned by the rush of waters. 3. The earth cannot always escape the collision with a comet, and when the disaster comes there will be a mingling of air and cometary gas, causing an explosion. If the last man is not suffocated he will be blown up. 4. There is a retarding medium in space, causing the gradual loss of velocity in the planets, and the earth, obeying the law of gravitation, will get closer and closer to the sun. The last man will be sunstruck. 5. The amount of water on the earth is slowly diminishing, and simultaneously the air is losing in quantity and quality. Finally the earth will be an arid waste, like the moon. The last man will be suffocated. 6. Other suns have disappeared, and ours must, sooner or later, blaze up and then disappear. The intense heat of the conflagration will kill everything living on earth. The last man will be burned up. 7. The sun's fire will gradually burn out, and the temperature will cool. The earth's racial zones will enlarge, driving our race towards the equator, until the habitable space will lessen to nothing. The last man will be frozen to death. 8. A gradual cooling of the earth will produce enormous fissures, like those seen in the moon. The surface will become extremely unstable, until the remnant of humanity will take refuge in caves. The last man will be crushed in his subterranean retreat. 9. The earth will at last separate into small fragments, leaving the people without a foothold. The last man will have a dreadful fall through space. 10. The tenth theory, proving there will be no last man at all, is thus expressed: "Evolution does not necessarily imply progress, and possibly the race may retrograde until the human being possesses the nature of the plant louse; such being the case, this single inhabitant will spontaneously produce posterity of both sexes."

THE STORY OF A MUMMY.—For seven years the most curious object in the Museum of the Tennessee Historical Society has been the Egyptian mummy. It has a very singular history. In 1860 Colonel Jeremiah George Harris was a purser on a United States man-of-war in the Egyptian waters. He went on shore, and was at once ushered into the august presence of the khedive and his numerous household. He was walking out one day with a member of the khedive's staff, when the latter was set upon by ruffians. Colonel Harris, who is a man of great strength, interposed, and the ruffians were vanquished.

"What can I do," asked the Egyptian officer, "to show adequate appreciation of the services you have rendered me?" "Give me a mummy," laughingly suggested Colonel Harris.

"A mummy?" repeated the officer, holding his breath and pondering. "Did you not know, sir, that our laws prohibited the removal of mummies under penalty of death? But, never mind; your request shall be fulfilled. Just before your vessel leaves the harbor, a boat will come alongside. It will contain that for which you have asked."

Colonel Harris had dismissed the subject from his mind, but just before the hour for the departure of the ship three natives were seen pulling toward the vessel. The boat contained a bundle directed to Colonel Harris. This bundle was not opened until the arrival of the ship at Boston, when it was discovered that there were six mummies instead of one. They were unwrapped, and the best one forwarded to the Tennessee Historical Society, of which Colonel Harris was then and is still a member.

When Professor Huxley was here he examined the mummy with a great deal of interest, and said that he believed it to be the best preserved specimen either in America or Europe.—*Nashville American.*

A LIVELY RAILROAD.—A correspondent of the *Chicago Times* describes a narrow-gauge railroad in the Pennsylvania mining districts as follows: "It skips over hills and down precipices, dodges around big stumps, straddles deep gorges on hoop-pole stilts that twist and bend beneath its tread, and threaten to send the traveler 300 feet into eternal smash every moment; hangs by one foot on the side of the mountain's stone walls, lends around curves like a contortionist, runs on wheels of one side, bumps the cars around like a chop sea in the English Channel, was completed in January, cost \$40,000, cleared itself in three months, charges \$1 for the trip, and is crowded with business."

GLASS BOTTLES were first made in England about 1558. The art of making bottles and drinking glasses was known to the Romans eighteen hundred years ago, as they have been found among the ruins of Pompeii.

UNDERTAKERS should be careful of what they say. One of them said to a sickly man who was passing his place: "Good morning. This is a nice day to take a ride." The sickly man winced.—*Danbury News.*